

New York, Feb. 16, 1854.

Dear Wife:

131 I got through to this city, on Tuesday afternoon, at 5 o'clock — therefore in ample season for the evening lecture. I was just "as busy as a bee" with my pencil, the whole distance, writing the remainder of my address, which I finished just before my arrival, not removing from my seat, but for a moment, from Boston to New York. The jolting of the cars was often so great as to make it exceedingly difficult to write a word, and therefore my labor was very great. Of course, with my spinal trouble upon me, I was very much exhausted on my arrival, and felt more like going to bed than delivering a speech.

I found Oliver Johnson at the depot, and went home with him to tea. The weather was perfectly execrable — rainy, foggy, dispiriting — and the walking something less than knee-deep

in mud. No evening could have been more unpropitious for my lecture — my usual luck. The Williamsburgh, Brooklyn, Jersey, and other ferry boats, found navigation difficult and dangerous, in consequence of the dense fog; and the result was, that hundreds who intended to be at my lecture, were deterred from coming over. I was prepared, therefore, to see "a beggarly account of empty boxes," on my going to the Tabernacle, but was agreeably surprised to find a large and substantial audience waiting for my appearance, who warmly applauded me as I walked down the aisle. I got through with reading my lecture quite as well as I expected, though my voice was somewhat hoarse. My language was strong, and my accusations of men and things, religion and politics, were very cutting; but, strange to say, not a single hiss or note of disapprobation was heard from beginning to end, but some of my strongest expressions were the most loudly applauded. At the close, at the request of the editors of the New York Times, through their reporter, I gave my manuscript entire to be published in that widely circulated

daily; and the next morning, it was published entire in that paper, occupying more than four columns of the smallest type. Was not that marvellous, as a work of despatch, and as a sign of the times? The Executive Committee of the A. S. Society purchased five hundred copies of the times for distribution. The address is to be published in the Standard, and they have ordered five hundred copies of that paper. Finally, they will print it in a small tract, and so I shall have delivered it to a larger number of people, in spite of the bad weather. It seemed to give great satisfaction universally.

Catharine and aunt Charlotte were at the lecture, but I could only see them for a moment that evening. Yesterday, I was so hindered at the Anti-Slavery Office, in various ways, that I had no time to call upon George; for early in the afternoon, I had to go over to Jersey city, and take the cars for Paterson, to fulfil my appointment for that evening. The weather was even more unpropitious than the previous evening, and I thought the meeting must inevitably prove a failure. But, though the walking was so bad that only three

or four females were present, the hall was crowded with men. They have had no anti-slavery teaching or lecturing in the place, and my effort was an experiment. It succeeded beyond all expectation. I spoke precisely two hours, and was continually applauded throughout. Not a note of disapprobation was heard - yet I spared "nothing and nobody."

This morning I returned to the city, and am now with George and Catharine at their rooms. George has been poorly for several days past, but is looking better than I expected, and seems in good spirits. Catharine is quiet, calm, and angel-like, as usual. Tommy was very much pleased with Franky's valentine, and sends his thanks to the dear boy. George is here also, and all are making inquiries about you all - especially dear little Sarah, whom they greatly long to see, and of whose health and happiness, and improvement, it gives them much joy to hear.

This evening, I am going with the Gibbonses to see some spiritual manifestations; and shall probably be with you to-morrow at tea-time, but may not till Saturday evening.

Ever yours,
W. L. G.